

Season of the Witch by coolalcoholic

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Summary:

Flo, Joyce and Jane (eleven) all decide Hopper needs a break. Hopper adamantly doesn't want to go on holiday. Then he meets you. Fluff, smut, and Hop being sexy and adorable and vulnerable ensue.

1. Season of the Witch

Author's Note:

First time EVER writing fanfic I hope I did Hopper justice i just love him SO MUCH

Sunlight peaks its way through tattered curtains, illuminating dust flecks in the air, and settling on Hopper's face. His sleepy brow furrows as he starts to wake, and shortly after, his eyelids flutter open to reveal tired, but beautiful, blue eyes.

"Mmmf," Hopper groans as he sits upright, "Here we go."

He dons his uniform, boots and hat, and brushes his teeth, ready to begin the day.

Entering the kitchen, he sees a familiar figure sitting at the table eating Eggos like she does every morning she wakes before him. His heart has grown in a way he never imagined it could after losing his daughter, but the last few months of the both of them adjusting to their new lives, and the girl once known only as 11 adjusting to her new name, he couldn't imagine life without his Jane. Hop always loved that name.

"Hey kid," he greets her, with a hint of amusement at how relentless her diet is, "Ready for school?"

It's the new year, and with Jane begging him for weeks after the school dance, Hop finally swallowed his stubborn protectiveness and enrolled her at Hawkins Middle.

"Mhmm!" she nods emphatically, mouth stuffed with waffle, and bag being tossed over her shoulder.

After dropping his newly adopted daughter at Joyce Byer's house, as Jane and Will have become close friends and are adamant that car-pooling is a necessity, Hopper pulls up at the station and walks in, greeted by Flo and a hot cup of coffee. Flo knows Hopper well enough after so many years to know not to speak a word until he's completed his morning ritual, 'Coffee and Contemplation' he calls it,

but today's different.

"Mornin' Chief, how you feeling?" she starts, "I have something here you'll really wan-"

"Uh-uh, it can wait. Everything can always wait." He cuts her off, and then heads to his office, taking a long drag of his cigarette and cradling what, to him, must be the caffeinated elixir to life itself.

Flo grips his shirt sleeve and spins him around, "Not today, Jim, you've got somewhere to be, and on a very tight schedule."

And at that same moment, he sees Joyce and the two kids walk through the front door, Jane carrying a suitcase almost bigger than her and grinning wildly.

"The hell is this?" Hopper grumbles confusedly.

"We're sending you on a holiday!" Joyce beams, "You've been so stressed lately, we figured you deserved a break, a-and don't worry, I'm gonna look after Jane, everything's planned out and your bags already packed!"

Jane marches over and hands him the case, "Friends don't lie, but secrets aren't lies right?"

Hopper stands there in shock, ash falling onto his boots, "Wait, what? You can't just plan someone a holiday without telling them! I've got a job, I'm the Chief of Police, people need me here, I can't just disappear! And what if I didn't wanna go on a holiday, huh? Sorry to burst your bubbles but I'm not going anywhere." He folds his arms, as well as one can while holding a coffee and a smoke, and presses his lips together tightly, in a display of dominance.

Next thing he knows, Flo's explaining his flight plan and itinerary to him on the way to the airport.

"What am I meant to do in Canada on my own?" Hopper asks her in a sigh.

"Enjoy the scenery, go for a drive, Montreal's only 2 hours from the village you're staying, try skiing, make snowmen, meet a girl, fall in

love, bring her home for a wedding in June, who knows!” Flo laughs at him, “Just relax Jim, and come back to us a less snarky Chief.”

Jim has been more tense than usual lately, he knows that better than anyone, and he can see how a holiday might help, but his stubbornness and distaste for surprises is preventing him from feeling any excitement.

“Yeah sure, I’ll send you a postcard.” He grumbles and rolls his eyes.

Hopper’s never flown before, due to a fear of planes he’ll never admit to anyone, so he takes his time checking in and wandering around the airport, trying to bide as much feet-on-the-ground time as he can. Once he finally boards the plane though, nestled between a sweet elderly woman and a snobby businessman that seems to complain almost as much as he blinks, it’s only a 4 hour flight, most of which is spent talking about Jane and making fun of their whiney neighbor with the old woman he learns is named Faye.

Soon enough he’s touching down on the asphalt of Montreal’s main airport, and finding his way to the car hire yard.

“Um, I think I should have a car booked for me or somethin?” he says with an unsure tone, “Name’s Jim Hopper.”

“Of course, Mr Hopper, follow me, please.”

Following the young man through the rows of cars, Jim wonders which vehicle Flo’s chosen for him, and is pleased when they stop in front of what looks like the oldest truck they’ve got in the lot.

“Perfect.” He coos subtly, confusing the young man who would probably rather throw that particular truck in the bin than drive it.

“Have a safe trip sir; please return the vehicle with a full tank of gas and we’ll see you back in 2 weeks.” The boy smiles politely, and then returns to his desk to continue the Sudoku he was working on prior to Hopper’s disturbance.

“Alrighty.” Hopper mumbles as he pulls out the map from his jacket pocket to find out which direction his rent-a-village is located.

“How did I get myself into this?” he sighs when he see’s the snow start to fall again, opening his fresh pack of Camel’s and sparking one up.

2. Season of the Witch

“Welcome!” greets the voice of a soft looking woman with greying hair and purple-y red glasses.

“Afternoon ma’am,” Hopper chirps back, tipping his hat in a way that shouldn’t be as charming as it is, “Great place you’ve got.”

He gestures to the building, and takes in the sights of the old pine log accents, large glass windows and enormous fireplace. He thinks to himself how much Jane would love it here. She loves anything beautiful, as would be expected from someone who never saw anything beautiful at all for the first 12 years of their life.

“Thanks honey,” the woman smiles, “the main building is our prettiest, but they’re all gorgeous in their own ways. Now what can I do for ya?”

Hopper gives the woman, Nola, his details and follows her directions to his cabin. He takes the drive slowly, partly for the sleet on the ground making things a bit slippery, and partly just to admire the sights around him.

It really is a beautiful area, evergreens scattered about the grounds as far as you can see, a comfortable layer of snow covering the earth and 10 to 12 cabins of varying sizes laid out before the ascent of the mountain. Hopper notices the small, icy looking stone paths leading between cabins, the rotundas and picnic areas, the sport & recreation fields, and makes a mental note to visit the large frozen lake that sits neatly in the middle of it all.

Hopper’s cabin is one of the many private buildings, accommodating only small groups or singles, in contrast to the much larger structures designed for backpackers, hosting dozens per building. He’s very grateful to Flo for, once again, knowing him so well and making the right choice.

Eventually he makes his way to cabin 7, on the farther side of the grounds to the administration building, and pulls his truck into the carport, bracing himself for the cold outside. He lights a smoke and

steps out of the truck, making his way around the hood to grab his suitcase from the passenger side door, and that's when he sees you.

You're trying to clear some of the snow from your driveway so your friend Tyler can drive to the supermarket to get some more wine as you'd sadly run out over last night's very intense board game marathon. Hopper stills next to his passenger door, fingers hovering above the handle, and eyes unable to look away from you. You think you look like a complete idiot, legs wobbling on the slippery path, trying to shovel snow like an alien that doesn't quite understand how shovels actually work, but Hopper thinks you're adorable.

You finally start to make some progress with the icy mound in front of you when you feel someone's eyes burning into the back of your neck and in an effort to turn around quickly enough to catch them, you lose your footing and land straight on your back. Not before catching sight of the tall, creepy guy staring at you though, even if only for half a second.

Suddenly said creep is running up to you, tossing his cigarette in the snow pile you've been trying to relocate, and reaching his hand out to help you up.

"Hey lady, are you okay?" He asks, slightly puffed from the jog over. He's far more handsome now than he was 30ft away, you notice, along with the embarrassment of your fall finally hitting you.

"Um, yeah, yeah I'm okay, snow's a bit slippery is all." You can hear the hesitation in your own voice. Talking to staring strangers is not your favorite pastime.

"I'm sorry I spooked you, promise I'm not up to anything weird, I'm a cop." The man puts his hands up, making himself look more like a criminal under arrest than a police officer.

"Oh, officer, have- am I doing anything, like, illegal?" you're hoping he doesn't have superpower scent to pick up the smell of the joint you were sharing earlier, cause you do not need a fine or drug diversion right now.

"Ah, nope, just watching you struggle with the snow here, is all."

He may be picking on you, but you can see the sheepishness he's

hiding, and now this is going in a whole different direction than you initially expected, but hey, with his scruffy face, wise eyes and dorky hat, maybe you don't think he's such a creep after all.

"Hmm," you mumble, barely playfully, and take his hand, "Well go on then, lift me up, I think I broke my ass."

He laughs out loud, before quickly rubbing his hand over his mouth, trying to regain candor like a mime in a circus, and sliding his free arm around your waist to hoist you up like you weigh nothing. When you're back, two feet on the ground, you realize you've got snow and freezing cold water all over your back half, and start to shiver like a leaf in the wind.

"Oh, fuck, here," the man worries, wrapping his coat around you fast as lightning,

"You should really go inside, warm up."

You agree and turn around to head back inside your cabin. Two steps into the journey however, you feel a shooting pain in your ankle and almost collapse once more, but this time, being caught midair by the man that saved you once already. You can smell him this close, his aroma consisting mostly of cigarette stain and cheap toiletries, but something warm and heady too.

"Ah shit, I think I've twisted my ankle or something." You wince, biting down on your bottom lip in protest to the pain.

"Here, let me help you inside."

Normally you wouldn't even entertain the thought of letting a complete stranger inside your place of residence, but there's something about this guy that screams trustworthy, and shit, if it doesn't feel nice to be wrapped in his deceptively strong arms. You nod and follow his lead.

3. Season of the Witch

You feel yourself getting colder by the second and your shivering is now almost unbearable, but having this guy's warmth next to you is making it somewhat worth it. Until you reach your bathroom door to find it locked, that is.

"Bev!" you yell out to your friend occupying the space, "Let me in I'm freezing!"

You hear the distinct sounds of pop music and shower singing leaking out from under the door and you realize after a few moments of awkward knocking that she mustn't be able to hear you over the sound of her own personal shower concert.

"I swear that girl can't hear her own thoughts half the time." You hiss as you readjust your weight, placing it further onto your handsome assistant.

"Look, I'm just about to open my cabin, I haven't been in there yet, so you're more than welcome to use my shower. I won't bother ya, and you can chuck your stuff in the dryer to warm 'em up while you shower." The man offers.

If he hasn't done anything shady by this point, surely he's a decent guy, right? And you really don't know how long Beverly could be in there for...

"Wait," you interject, "What's your name?"

"Jim Hopper, but my friend's call me Asshole."

You chuckle and accept his invitation, writing your friend a note and leaving it on the hallway bench.

Hopper finds his way to the laundry room, a separate space attached to the back of the cabin, needing access through the rear door. He swings shut the door of the clothes dryer and turns it on before heading back to the cabin to finally inspect his home away from

home. He wanders around the living room, taking in all of its details as if he's looking for clues in a suspect's home. It's quite spacious, and having so many windows line the walls just makes it all seem bigger.

The living room is adorned with plenty of shelves full of ornaments and knick-knacks, a large shag pile rug framed by knock off chesterfield lounges, and everything in the space seaming to direct attention toward the homely stone fireplace.

He can spy the kitchen from the living room and it is shockingly white in comparison to the dark wood of the building itself. With a large stovetop oven Hop can't wait to try out, double sink located on a bench separating the cooking space from dining area, and a charming, but expensive looking, red refrigerator. No sights compare, for him though, to that of the fireplace.

"Yeah baby," Hopper chuckles as he works on igniting the firewood, "Lets get you going."

Once starting the fire off, he decides it's time to unpack his belongings, which also means picking which room will be his.

He has a choice of 3, the first and farthest from the front door is small, with a single bed, small pine wardrobe, and one lonely chair in the corner.

"Maybe not." He thinks to himself.

The second is adjacent to the bathroom, and far more spacious than the previous option. It offers a four-posted king size bed with half a dozen pillows, putting Hoppers bed at home to shame, a small walk in closet for all the clothes he doesn't own, a sweet burgundy daybed that, Hop thinks to himself, might encourage some reading out of him, and an almost floor length window with beautiful views of the slopes and nature surrounding.

It's a solid choice.

The third room is a small loft area above the lounge room, with the exposed beam ceiling incorporated into it's aesthetic. Hopper only makes it far enough up the ladder to spy the low set double bed and mustard colored corduroy beanbag before deciding he's better off on stable ground.

Back to the second room he goes.

After doing nothing but sit in the bottom of the shower with near boiling water running down your back and massaging the pain out of your ankle, you finally emerge from your personal sauna and try to find a towel.

“Oh come on, fuck fuck fuck.” You whisper, looking in every hiding place you can think of.

You finally resign yourself to the fact of there being no towels, and decide to muster up the courage to ask your new acquaintance if he has a spare. You peek your head out of the bathroom door and your ears fill with the sound of music, but your eyes catch no sight of Hopper. You call out to him at least a million times, but hear no response. He mustn't be able to hear you over the music, and with your clothes being in the dryer you don't know the location of, you figure you've got one option.

You find a hand towel that looks big enough to cover your more important areas and take a few deep breaths before tiptoeing out of the bathroom. You're not sure why you think tiptoeing will help the situation you've got yourself in, but it feels right, so you do.

Following the sound of the music, you come across an open door only a few feet from the bathroom and, upon looking inside, are gifted to the sight of Jim Hopper dancing to Donovan's "Season of the Witch" blaring from the radio while loading clothes into a closet. His hips swaying unexpectedly in tune to the melody and his head and shoulders keeping in perfect rhythm with the beat. You get a little distracted watching this man who seems to be rather stoic so relaxed and playful and don't realize how long you've been standing there until he turns around and your eyes lock.

You can't think of anything to say, and even if you could, your mouth isn't cooperating enough to let any words come out. Hopper on the other hand is standing in the middle of his room with that shit-eating grin you'll come to love on his face.

“Need a hand?” He asks cheekily.

“There were no towels in the bathroom and I didn’t know where my clothes were.” You snap back, suddenly remembering how almost naked you are.

“Sorry, here, use this,” he laughs, handing you a gigantic scratchy towel, “Wait here and I’ll get your things.”

You half snatch, half accept the towel and wrap yourself up quickly as he heads out the back door, returning shortly after with a bundle of clothing. You say your thanks and duck back into the bathroom to dress yourself.

“Hey, I’m sorry for laughing back there,” He says earnestly, winning a shy smile from you, “but I have to admit, you do look great in just a cloth.”

“Oh yeah? Well you’re a very elegant dancer,” you tease, “should try out for the royal ballet.”

Jim looks both shocked about your dig at his dancing skills and pleased at your wit, before sobering his expression and offering you a cup of coffee. You accept keenly and settle yourself on the warm leather couch in front of the fireplace.

He continues to bop around the kitchen as he boils the kettle and sets out 2 mugs alongside the coffee pot. While he’s distracted making coffee and getting to know the kitchen, you have the perfect opportunity to get a better look at him finally.

He has tired looking blue eyes, hidden under eyebrows that look like they’ve been in a near constant frown his whole life and a strong nose and jawline, anything else on his face is covered by a thick layer of dark blonde facial hair. His broad shoulders and slightly thickened midsection are hugged nicely under his white t-shirt and you can vaguely make out the shape of his butt and legs through scuffed denim jeans.

The most intriguing thing about him though, is just how comfortable you feel in his presence.